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Title: Ode to the Robed Ones

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Oh robed ones in your  
robes of blue, Always  
asked, just what to do?

Never called in times  
of fun, Just when  
something ill's been done!

You task away, to help  
us all. Give of your time  
to hear our calls!

Yet what do you hear,  
when we come nigh,  
But "give me this" or  
"why, why, WHY!"

Oh robed ones in your  
robes of brown, Helping in  
quests, when newbs are  
found.

Your in the middle,  
unseen by most, Yet your  
actions deserve a boast!

You work your while,  
behind the stage, Toiling  
for the players, relentless  
sage!

You spawn & you plot,  
and for that you're due!  
For with your aid, you  
make Quests true!

Oh robed ones in your  
robes of green, To you  
the RPers, most want to  
be seen,

"Bless my Inn", "Make a  
Dragon", round and round,  
No peace for you,  
remains to be found,

Yet your actions are  
great, passed bard to man,  
You give our lives  
meaning for that we're a  
fan! Don't stop in your  
work, don't cease in your  
toils For without your aid  
our fun would be spoilt!

To ALL of you robed

ones, I extend my hand,  
You work for our  
pleasure, which we  
demand,

In rude turn we give  
you, nothing but strife,  
And so I give  
honor, throughout my  
Bard's Life.

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Now the gods have  
spoken, brought down  
hellfire Striken all the  
robes, and called down  
our ire...

They've left nothing  
but legneds, of what once  
used to be And the  
respect which I offer,  
for Robed generosity

So my humble thanks I  
offer, on this funeral pyre

A token to  
remember,  
as we're sucked into this  
mire and a reminder to  
all, as we turn to the  
new day. The robes might  
be gone, but its not the  
only way

Together we can build,  
what has been torn  
asunder. Find again what's  
lost, and strike the world  
with thunder. For the  
strength of your robes,  
was not inside the thread  
But in you hearts and  
minds, and the will by  
which your led

This age is now over,  
the robes all gone  
to rest But we still  
survive, and we hold yet  
what is best

So look now to  
tomorrow, and make of it  
as we may Wear robes  
on the inside, no matter  
what they say

The ninjas  
appreciate the  
fine literature  
displayed here, and  
have chosen not to  
alter this book.

-Two Mysterious  
Hooded Figures.